

(TMI Voyages - Tales of Exploration 1999)

DIAL A CHANNEL, SELECT A REALITY THE MONROE INSTITUTE, MIND-SCIENTISTS, AND ME

by Frank DeMarco

[I wrote this thinking to publish it but have been unable to find an outlet. Maybe all along I was writing it for the Internet and didn't know it.]

When I first returned from The Monroe Institute's "Gateway" Program, I told my family something of the unbelievable things that I had been doing and had been experiencing. I called people on the phone. I told my employees and associates at work. But even the first night, I found I didn't have energy enough to give even the highlights of highlights. How can I bring the story to others I care about? The story needs telling, and needs telling adequately, if I am to be "muddy tracks in the grass."

So I try to write it out, knowing that every sentence leaves connections undrawn and perceptions undescribed and -- most importantly -- emotional intensity unconveyed. But the alternative is to say nothing at all, except to those who have already been to these places.

So much happened, in so little time. I accessed past-life memories, acquired new mental powers (if I can keep them), gave up my old pattern of hiding light under bushels, and excelled, seemingly effortlessly. Most importantly, I did the right thing instead of what would have seemed to be the prudential thing. I loved -- really loved -- and everything was added. And the implications for mind-scientists are startling.

Background

Some personal background is indispensable.

1. You will have to make up your mind at the beginning that I am speaking strict truth as best I know it, and nothing else. Here and there I may be mistaken, but I am nowhere lying, exaggerating, embellishing, or glamorizing. You may reject my interpretations, but realize that I'm not stupid, and I do have some background in what I'm discussing.
2. Drugs and metaphysics. In my 20s and 30s, mescaline, marijuana, and LSD taught me that how we perceive the world depends upon something in our mental state. Certain drugs could open us up to realities that were not illusory, but weren't commonly perceptible, either. But so could, for example, prayer and fasting. I dabbled in these, too, not making the commitment that might have brought results. In time I did find a friend with some of the powers and abilities I wanted, and I did learn a faint shadow of what he knew.

I am chief editor and half owner of a publishing company. In 1991, George Ritchie (whose near-death experience years ago inspired Ray Moody's research

into NDEs) submitted to us the manuscript that became the book *My Life After Dying*. As I read his manuscript -- and still more as I experienced the extraordinary warmth of this man -- I came to realize that essential to psychic abilities was the ability to feel and express love. I began making conscious efforts to open myself more to all aspects of my being, known and unknown, including not only other individuals but also the transcendent force I call God. Gradually I felt some progress. But I had not transformed my life. I was still short-tempered, irritable, and frequently depressed.

3. Reincarnation. I have believed in reincarnation since coming across a casual mention of at age 13, in a book called *Danger Is My Business*. It rang true. From time to time I would get glimpses of what seemed to be past lives, particularly in the West. (I have since learned that receiving such glimpses is normal and frequent, but is usually dismissed as "only imagination.") In college, I repeatedly hypnotized two of my fraternity brothers and taped several tales of past lives. We knew that they were not fraudulent. But were they self-delusion? We never knew how to verify them, and so left the subject in the 'interesting but unproved' category.

In July, 1992, I received a manuscript, from an author named Kelly, on the lives on Martha and Thomas Jefferson. I'd read a good deal about Jefferson, and never had I read anything that brought the life and time so vividly to life. But its many scenes filled with intimate (though not X-rated) conversation between them made me wonder if in fact they really did talk that way to each other. So finally she came clean and said that she was writing memories. She remembered being Martha Jefferson. (Among others!). "You are perfectly free to regard me as a nut, if you wish," she said.

Well, what do you do when somebody tells you they remember being someone famous? You might say, "Sure, sure, I believe every word. Better lie down, the sun is pretty hot." Or you might say, "Give me a break, I wasn't born yesterday." Or you might -- as I did -- leave yourself open to hear more, not committing yourself one way or the other. I knew that the paranormal draws fakes and self-deceivers, as well as the genuine article, and it's always priority number one to figure out which of the three you are dealing with.

I didn't believe she was a fake or a crazy; the only alternative was that she was reporting what she thought was true. Certainly it would explain the vivid, sure-footed description. I believed it was possible for people to recapture memories of their past lives. But believing isn't knowing. I didn't know.

4. Paranormal abilities. In October, 1992, I learned that Kelly did past-life regressions. So I asked what she could see of my past. Interestingly, she came up with material that matched what I had been told by a psychic in the summer of 1991. Other parts matched what I had myself come up with five years previously, during what I then considered to be an unsatisfactory session with a past-life-regression hypnotist. Something real was happening here. She said she could

help me with past-life recall. Working long distance, we began to fill in some blanks with information that I found convincing.

But time after time I would say, "how do we know that what we're getting is accurate?" and she would say, sometimes in some frustration, "You know all this. You can do it! Why are you holding yourself back?" Then she would add, "Oh, I know you just want to remember the process of learning to remember." This went on with greater intensity all autumn, as I tried to learn to follow her lead.

Now, back in mid-1989, I had learned how to talk to the voice within, a voice I call The Boss, a voice that knows a lot that I don't consciously know. I write a question and wait for an answer to surface, sometimes a word at a time, sometimes entire sentences or paragraphs. This is not Channelling, which is using living people to communicate with presently discarnate beings; it's more like listening to the still small voice that the Bible, and particularly the Quakers, talk about. Repeatedly, this voice assured me that I could recapture past memories. "The only way to know is to remember," it wrote. "Nothing else will carry conviction. So work on direct memory." Easy to say. How do you do it? Then, just at this time, Bob, my business partner, unexpectedly suggested that he and I do The Monroe Institute's week-long "Gateway" program together.

5. Monroe. In the 1950s Bob Monroe was a very successful businessman who (against his conscious will) began to have spontaneous out-of-body experiences. He suspected a brain tumor or a psychiatric disorder, but all tests proved negative. He began to investigate. His own background lay in electrical engineering, so he began to experiment with recording, then altering, brain-wave activity.

Pouring his own money into research, he gradually created the technology and the body of workers who became The Monroe Institute, which came to focus on expanding people's control over their own conscious states. Rather than relying upon "mystical" or "religious" or a "consciousness-raising" techniques -- certainly not relying upon drugs -- TMI began to use technology to teach people to achieve certain levels of consciousness at will.

Bob and I had visited the institute two years before, and at that time I had bought some "Gateway" tapes designed for home use. I knew what the course promised, and I was more than ready. So we got slots for the December Gateway, and on Saturday, December 5, 1992, he and I drove from Hampton Roads to The Monroe Institute, in the mountains south of Charlottesville, to find out what it was like from inside. I recreate the week from journal notes, from a tape journal, and from memories that I hope will never fade.

Saturday December 5

On the way up in Bob's car, I write in my journal, "Oh God, I want so much for this week to take me to a new place, inalienably. My mescaline trip in 1970 showed me new

country, but I couldn't stay there. Let me stay, this time, still being here. Give me the gifts, and the scope to use them, and the ability and sustained intent to love and be helpful."

I ask, "Boss, is there anything special I should be aware of, should do?"

"Be open and relaxed. Nothing is accomplished by pushing. What you are and what you are to believe are decided by your will, not by your intensity of effort. You can't force the wind, and the spirit blows where it will."

"I'm just so anxious, and a little afraid that the week will pass and leave me little changed, little improved, little empowered."

"The universe unfolds as it should."

"I never will have the power and senses I want, will I?"

"You couldn't paint, and took lessons, and learned. This is a lesson. Relax and have patience."

We get there at about 4, and find ourselves in a room with about 20 strangers. The usual social awkwardness. This kind of social situation is always particularly hard for me.

There are 23 of us, and three "trainers." We are interviewed separately, a brief questioning of why we are here, what we expect or hope for, what assumptions we might have that might interfere with openness to experience. Evidently we all pass!

Supper time. For me, still an awkward social time. Across the table from me, a striking blond-haired woman about my age; she is a writer, and describes how she makes her living. I find it hard to listen; all I get is hard edges. Basically (though I don't realize it till later) I never peep out of my shell the whole time.

After supper, they have us team up and interview each other, so that we can introduce our partner to the others. This is a little too "sensitivity session" for my tastes, but to my surprise I realize that the elderly lady I had teamed up with is a lovely person. First lesson, maybe.

They begin to explain the structure of the week. Each morning we will have an optional exercise class, then breakfast, then a series of tape exercises, a long break centered on lunch, more tapes, supper, more tapes or a film or a talk, then a final tape and sleep.

Before each tape, we will meet in the conference room, then go to hear the tape over the headsets contained in our individual CHEC units. The CHEC unit (which also serves as a bed) is a sort of air-conditioned closet entered by crawling into an opening shielded by a weighted curtain. Within the unit is a tape recorder run by remote control, a battery of lights we can work ourselves, a set of stereo headphones, and a pair of speakers mounted on either side of the unit, at the level our head will be. The CHEC unit provides

a place where sensory input can be reduced so we can concentrate on subtle effects within our minds, effects initially easily overlooked or discounted if not specially marked.

The tapes themselves have two components: The audio overlay, and the HemiSync frequency. The audio is Bob Monroe's voice, guiding you to do certain things or leave yourself open to certain things. The HemiSync frequency makes the left and right brains work together and produces certain mental states. (HemiSync puts one tone in one ear and a slightly different tone in the other ear; the mind "puts the two tones together" to come up with a composite that it experiences as one tone. Putting the tone together produces an "entrainment effect": The right and left halves of the brain start working together continuously for once.)

After each tape, we will leave our CHEC units and return to the conference room for "debriefing." That is, we sit around and talk about anything that may have happened during that tape. At night, when it's time to sleep, the speakers in the CHEC unit will play HemiSync tones designed to bring us through two 90- minute sleep cycles, allowing us to get a good night's sleep in less time than we would need if we drifted around, as normally.

So, the trainers say, that's the program. (Then -- they confiscate our watches, to remove us from the tyranny of external time. For me it's a little disorienting.)

The first tape is merely an introduction to resonant tuning, a preliminary step in the process. By this time, resonant tuning was old stuff to me; I'd done it on the home tapes many times. I remember some impatience: "Let's get going!" But I am working hard at not structuring the experience with expectations. So, I enter my CHEC unit, lie down on the bed, adjust the headphones, turn off the lights and practice the technique. When the tape is over, we are free to turn over and go to sleep, or congregate in the dining room, snacking and talking. I am among those who stay up late.

Sunday, December 6

This first night, I'm up early, looking for the optional exercise class. The exercise trainer leads us through a series of stretching exercises, and I feel great. I note how strange it is that I should be so open to the exercise class. Normally, I hate exercise. But something told me it was important.

Our first morning tape brings us to Focus 10, which they describe as Mind Awake, Body Asleep, but which I would describe as Mind Awake, Body At Rest. Focus 10 makes the body less distracting. You're still aware of it (at least, I always was), but it gets out of your way.

And what happens in our first experience with Focus 10? Lots of drifting, in my case. Images pop up and I note, as I have before, the presence of an internal censor blotting out an image as soon as one is produced. When I come out of the tape, I cannot remember the images I'd seen. I use the trick they have just taught us, to bring back memories, and it works. But the images in this first exercise are nothing special, nor am I at the time at all sure they were "real" and not "imagination."

We do a second tape, and in my impatience I remark in my journal, "Nothing is happening, apparently. I am set on not scripting things, not trying for effects spectacular or otherwise, and that's what I'm getting -- no effects! Could I be programming no-effect? But I don't think so, particularly; I'm content to wait and see." But I'm not very content to wait and see. As always, I want it all, and now, if not sooner.

Already, before lunch, I can see a change in our energy level as a group. More self-contained, more reflective somehow. And that is after only two tapes.

After lunch (whenever that is) Bob and I take a long walk, mostly uphill, a vigorous workout. Later I write, "Boss, any words of advice?"

"Words of wisdom. Be. Here. Now. You are. Stay here. One thing at a time, and let them do the guidance. Your job is to let yourself be guided as it happens. Don't anticipate. (Don't drag your feet either, but that isn't your problem, is it?)"

After a nap (or an excursion into Focus 10, whichever you prefer), I write, "Tired. Really tired. [This is as they have been telling us: It often takes people two or even three days to relax from the infinite stress of their ordinary lives.] Maybe something different happens now?"

Yeah, maybe something different happens. This is what I recorded on my own audio tape at the end of the first post-lunch tape, Sunday afternoon:

I was floating over the trees and there were trees on the hillside, and as I flowed off toward the left, I was gradually floating higher and higher, and got to the point where I saw a white house -- big, white frame house an old-fashioned one by the side of a tree-- by the side of a stream ... and unless I'm very mistaken her name was Clara and I knew her there somehow.

I know the vision has to do with the career woman I had noted at supper the night before. She -- or rather, who she had once been -- is connected to this vision somehow. The name Clara suggests itself. I ask her, after the tape, if that rings any bells. It doesn't. But she does tell me that in the beginning of the tape, she had the strongest feeling that she was with somebody.

We repair to the conference room, and our trainer tells us of the early days of TMI. Then Bob Monroe talks to us, taking questions and speaking easily and without pretention about what they have done and what they hope to do. I write, "They promise us great abilities by the end of the week, and I am without skepticism about it."

We return to our CHEC units for our final exercise of the evening, free-focus 10. They tell us to have something in mind and pursue it. So of course I go to see if I can get any more on the house, the water, the trees and hills, and Clara. Here's what I recorded on my tape immediately after returning to C1.

Free-flow focus 10. Very strange feelings coming out of it.... deeper in focus 10 than I ever have, and gradually dual consciousness, one, consciousness of the body; two,

consciousness of moving out, sort of stretching up, walked myself all the way down the corridors down to the room, out the door, looked up at the moon, went up to the moon, went out to California to see what Kelly's house looked like, not convinced that any of it was really real except it was sort of real. Went looking several times for the house that I had seen earlier... Every once in a while I had a sense of someone here. Maybe the boss, maybe other voices, maybe -- no, faces.

This tape-journal entry tried to express something unprecedented in my experience. I took a walk. My body stayed where it was, and I was aware of it staying there. But I was also aware of sending my awareness out the corridor, down the stairs, into the conference room, out the door. I looked up at the moon, thought, 'well hell, I can go there.' So I started to launch myself in that direction, then thought, 'well, let's go look at Kelly's house. Let's go hang out at Paul's house.' [Paul being my brother.] I did see a building that I thought might be Kelly's house, a three-story row house, apparently facing west? Light blue?" [I checked on this when I returned home, with results I'll state in the proper order.] But this being blown about by whim ("let's go to the moon, let's go to Kelly's, let's go to Paul's!") lasted only a few instants. I knew what I should do. I went looking for that house from the vision. I thought I saw it in several forms. But I came back to C1 unconvinced that any of it was real.

After the tape, I stayed up very late talking to "Clara." We don't talk much about the vision I had, but instead, about her life. For some reason I have become very concerned about her.

Monday, December 7, 1992

Again I am up very early, in time for exercise class.

The day's first tape, Focus 12, produces several visions:

1. More stuff about that house, "but it's all so inconclusive now."
2. A picture of two chairs facing by a window with a very open, warm, inviting sunlight window. Back in C1, I draw a sketch of a love seat facing an upholstered chair across a tall window, almost a glass door. Somebody's favorite spot in the house. A sunny window and two facing chairs -- a chair and a small sofa. Kelly's house?
3. A scene of me walking along a road, with a stone wall to my right as far as I could see. Seems like Scotland. I see a man walking up the road, the first time I see someone so definitely. But as I question who he is or could be, the vision shimmers and is gone.

Our next tape involves "asking questions of the universe." We write down the three questions we mean to ask, then enter our CHEC units for the tape. When we return to C1, this is what I say into the tape recorder.

In answer to the first question which is how can I best function in this workshop, the answer was deal with people honestly and openly and lovingly and not try and force myself to go and meet each one, or let them come to me. Just, if something happens, just deal with one on one.

In terms of making the experiences happen, just relax and allow it, you've got all Monday and all Tuesday and all Wednesday and all Thursday and then you have Friday and you have the rest of your life, and there's a LOT of time and a lot of experience ahead and plenty of time for it.

In terms of the question of that house and does it mean anything and did it involve anybody, I can see the house -- I can see more of the house -- it has a modern, like a porch or a one- story structure added to it ... it's been added to an older house; it's a white house, it seems like it has stone foundation, white boards on top. Clapboard or something, and when I asked how old, it said the house will tell you how old and the way to find it is to drive ... the way Bob and I did accidentally the first time [we came here] -- accidentally, so called.... What I got was that she died young, they were married and she died young, which explains the concern and the -- whatever.

"Whatever" in this case meant "love," love undeniable, but inexplicable and apparently uncaused. I was as yet embarrassed to write it in my journal.

I draw a sketch of the house, and write, "An older house -- stone foundation, white clapboard, with a more modern structure attached to it -- not a shed, more like a family room or breakfast room. Look where Bob and I wandered that first time two years ago -- almost three. It can be found, and 'the house will tell you when [it was constructed].'
Clara -- was my wife, and died young, perhaps in childbirth -- and I became a wanderer."

Always, as I come out of one of these visions or experiences, I have only a few moments to sketch in my reactions to whatever had happened before we gathered in the conference room to debrief. So when I wrote "and I became a wanderer," I was using short-hand to describe a feeling that he -- John whatever- his-last-name-was -- had never again felt any attachment to the house or the life he had delighted in. I had a feeling that he had left those surroundings and moved on physically in later years, and I knew, without knowing how I knew, that never again had I really sunk roots; never again had I really committed myself to a person, a place, or a way of life. In a very real sense, this is where I had lost the ability to fit into a settled scheme of things. Note how early I became convinced that these visions closely concerned me, and could be relied upon in general, however inaccurate the detail might be.

Already I can see myself changing as a result of what I have been experiencing. I also ask, "Am I stressing 'Clara' by all this? Should I be leaving her alone?" Meaning, really, (a) am I making this up, and (b) in any case, would she be better off dealing with other things, with her own priorities.

"It won't bother her if it doesn't concern her," the boss replies. But when I show her that response, she finds it meaningless. She thinks the words "bother" and "concern" are synonymous, and reads it as meaning "if she isn't concerned, she won't be bothered." I am unable to express to her the sense in which they were being used, which I read as, "if it isn't something she should be concerned about, it won't bother her."

By this time, I am already paying so much attention to "Clara," worrying about her, wondering if I can help her, that it is sometimes interfering with my concentration on the Monroe material. When we came back from the Free Movement 12 tape (designed to help us get out of body), I speak this into the recorder:

For free movement 12 I wound up not really paying a lot of attention for a lot of the time; I was off somewhere else really.... Nothing distinct, nothing clear. No "absolutely I did it." In fact I'm convinced that I didn't.

At lunch, "Clara" and I walk out to the little lake, and paddle around in a canoe. I enjoy being with her, but we are not easy with each other.

After supper, Monday, something very interesting happens. Joe McMoneagle is a remote viewer. People give him geographical coordinates and a time, and he sends his mind to "view" what's there. You are going to think I'm unbelievably credulous to even think such things possible. But:

(1) Joe is employed by a for-profit corporation to bring back secret and otherwise undisclosed information;

(2) There's nothing like experience....

Do these coordinates mean anything to you? 38 degrees, 37 minutes, 28 seconds North; 90 degrees, 11 minutes, 74 seconds West; present time. They put these coordinates up on a board and ask us to go to Focus 12 and try to "view" what's there, writing down whatever impressions came to mind. I immediately think: "The St. Louis Arch."

But I know that my "guess" has to be wrong. I haven't done it the way they said to do; besides, I'm prtty sure that the coordinates are for Kansas somewhere. Still, nothing I can do will shake my initial impression. I even ask our trainer to tell me this answer is wrong, so I can try to do the exercise, but he refuses to say anything til everyone has told what they saw. But I have it dead on: When they turn on the slide projector, there is the St. Louis Arch.

You are welcome to explain away the experience. The word "coincidence," however, IS not an explanation, but a refusal to look for one.

Monday's final exercise has us pose five questions while we are in Focus 12. Here are the five, and the answers I get.

1. "Who am I?"

"Muddy footprints in the grass." This I understood. When you see the footprints, you don't see the person, but you see that someone has been by this way. That's what I am, a sign that someone has passed this way.

2. "When and who was I before I entered this physical body?"

I get an image of a man sitting in a lumber yard, named John Denver. I try to alter the name, but can't. Obviously it's a symbol. John Denver to me is a spiritual man who enjoys his life and tries to wake people up.

3. "What is the purpose for my existence in physical-matter reality?"

Again, an image of muddy footprints in the grass -- and also, marrying people. I have thought of myself as a bridge, connecting people and connecting things, but "marrying people" is a more vivid, more alive, more loving picture.

4. "What action can I now take to best serve the purpose?"

"Excel." Excel at Gateway, I take it.

5. "What is the content of the most important message I can receive and understand at this point?"

There comes an image of a man rowing in a lake, a little lake surrounded by hills. The focus keeps expanding, and I see from a larger and larger focus, and there is no one else in sight, and the answer just keeps repeating, "you are not alone," "you are not alone," "you are not alone," "you are not alone." Must have been 50 times. A very comforting message, that I shared with the group. We are never alone, though we often seem to be and think we are.

Again Monday night I stay up late, talking to "Clara." Among other things she mentions to me that she has always shied away from "spiritual" men. This will mean a lot more to me, very shortly.

Tuesday, December 8

Again I am up early, eagerly, for exercise class and breakfast. Our first tape brings us to Focus 15, which they call the land of No Time, but which I think of as the land of Free Time: you can go where and when you want to. For the first time, a very concrete image: the gateway to 15 from 12. I sketch it immediately after coming out, before picking up my journal. A good sketch, not at all tentative and contradictory like so many of my sketches.

When we go to 15 -- the land of no time -- my first thought is, 'I can go see grandpop,' who died six years before I was born. Then one after another I think of people I'd lost.... Other things happen, of no relevance here.

Then comes free-focus 15, the first big breakthrough. For the first time I see scenes that I connect with a lifetime Kelly and I had explored and discussed. Then I go to Concord Mass., Emerson's house, because Kelly and I had gotten that I had been a man who had visited Emerson in the early 1840s, and because I had been there two or three times in this lifetime, and so thought at least I'd have no trouble visualizing the house.

As soon as I make the decision to see, it is as if I am watching a movie. Rather than vague impressions, ghostly flickers, I am seeing a scene, am hearing dialog, am participating. It goes like this:

I came to the front door, introduce myself to the maid. She goes away, comes back, lets me in.

Emerson: "Mr. [Dr.?] Atwood"["?]

I/he: "Brattleboro." [Meaning, I take it, "from Brattleboro."]

Emerson leads me down the hall, introduces me in the dining room to Mrs. Emerson. She shakes hands, expecting me [I intuitively know] not to really see her, being focused on her husband. A sort of hooded look in her eyes says "Oh God, another one" -- another earnest young man come to sit at the feet of her husband, ignoring her. She is pleasantly surprised to see that I am as interested in her as in her husband. She is gratified -- in a guarded way -- that this newest earnest young man is concerned with her as a person. I seem to remember something about her surprise and gratification that I had arranged to spend the night at the inn rather than quartering myself on them. Emerson made the offer -- but it was she who would have had the work and the responsibility.

Emerson introduces me to "Mr. Henry Thoreau, like yourself a scholar from Harvard," and I shake hands with him. A sharp, instinctive guardedness between us, a sort of instant potential rivalry, a wariness. Henry Thoreau, like Lidian, is used to people seeing him through Emerson, and is defensive and touchy about it, though he works on it. Yet perhaps there is also an immediate, inexplicable guarded comrade-in-arms feeling between us.

At some point Emerson suggests that he and Thoreau and I go for a walk down to Walden Pond. He asks "Lidian, my dear" if will we have time to walk to the pond and be back by dinner. There is something proprietorial, almost patronizing, about his attitude toward her which I dislike, not knowing why. She says, yes. And I, in 1992, look at her through the eyes of her visitor in 1843, and see something familiar in her eyes and in the expression on her face. I say (from 1992), "Hold it. Freeze the film. I know that person." I start to really look at Lidian Emerson to see if I can figure out if I'd met her in this life -- and Bob Monroe's voice comes over the headphones calling us out of 15 back to 12. Something about Lidian reminds me of "Clara."

When the tape is over, I record as much as I can, then I lie there and say, "Hot Shit! It works!"

I write, "I just wasn't ever in the right place before. It's just that simple. Til now I have been trying to be receptive to subtle perceptions -- did I see it, did I invent it, did I this and that. And now that I have been there (and God knows what remains to be seen) it is so clear that I have never been there before. If I can keep this ability to get to 15 -- and the strong, concrete visual clue is a strong indicator that I will -- I will have what I need to see and experience and learn. Far Viewing, basically. And now I know that when I get out of body I'll know it for sure."

I realize that if "Clara" was Lidian Emerson, she would naturally run away from "spiritual" men. She would naturally want to lead a very independent life, making it on her own all the way -- which she'd told me in our long conversations.

After the midday meal and the long break comes the "tapeless tape exercise." To bring this training into the world, obviously we need to be able to recapture these states without relying on tape recorders and CHEC units. So the trainers send us to recapture the states without a tape." In other words, they take away our training wheels -- a little prematurely, I think. I try to return to the Thoreau-Emerson-Atwood conversation, try to persuade myself I could see them, etc. No go. So I pull away. I try various things, which don't work out, then I think (almost sheepishly) to ask what the best purpose of the exercise was. And --

There is "Clara." Saying something like "why do I love him? I don't want to love him but I do. Why?" I ask who she means, and it is me. Immediately, I experience erection. I am interested! I tell her I'd love to make love to her but I'm married and anyway it wouldn't be right. (But I'm still interested!) Then our trainer's voice tells us to return.

Our next exercise instructs us to construct a Communications Point within Focus 15 -- somewhere where others can leave and receive messages. I do so, and spend the entire time trying and failing to communicate with "Clara." By this time I am well beyond trying to persuade her that I love her; now I realize that I physically want her, too, and that it is impossible. I call out to her, but know that she will not answer, and perhaps cannot hear. I am sick at heart. When the tape ends, I cannot even think of going to dinner, lest people should see my face and know my misery. So I skip dinner and stay, "resting," in my CHEC unit. I don't get up until it is time for the night's lecture.

But then we listen to a tape of Bob Monroe attempting to help a frightened, discarnate individual, and after a while I realize that here I am in the midst of everything I have wanted, and I'm acting like a lovesick schoolboy. I burst out laughing. Perspective is reimposed.

We do another exercise designed to help bring us to Focus 21. I am more concerned about "Clara" than about Focus 21. From my tape journal:

Well, this was an exercise for focus 21, which I didn't get, didn't particularly care about, but I do believe I just for the first time actually got out of the body and was wandering around.... Then I got called back by Bob Monroe but I was wandering around quite a bit before then. If it's so.

Later I will get a letter from Kelly, written before I return from Monroe, saying that I had appeared in San Francisco Sunday and Tuesday, with Tuesday's appearance being weaker, as if, she says, I was trying to do consciously what previously I had done naturally.

Wednesday December 9

We are shown the brief movie "The Powers of Ten," a way of reminding us of the relative proportion of things in the universe. Then we return to our CHEC units for the first exercise.

I send love in all directions, particularly telling "Clara" I love her, that people she hasn't even met yet love her. That she is loved. I meet Kelly watching this and see her laughing/smiling and I do the same. A form of polygamy. Great state! Send love to Kelly. Send it to my wife and my daughter. Realized that my daughter and I have been lovers sometime, which is why she resents my telling her to do things (unless carefully phrased) and resents my wife's position. I send love in all directions, everybody I can think of. After the tape we do not meet to discuss anything, as we are spending the morning in silence. In fact, I never leave my unit.

The second tape directs us to retrieve the five most important messages for us at the moment, in increasing order of importance. Each time, I see an image, and usually I hear words. The images and the words are a surprise; the fact that I see or hear anything without consciously making it up is, each time, somewhat surprising. (This surprise is the difference between believing and knowing.)

Number five begins as a sketch of a figure turned to stone, like one of the figures found in the streets of Pompeii. Then it shows a table with many chairs, all empty. The people appear. I'm at the head of the table, the host. More people appear and there is room for them -- the table and chairs expand as more people arrive. All right, I can understand that meaning easily enough. I have been living as if turned to stone, but I need not. I can have a life filled with people, and with joy.

Number four. I see a set of stairs seen from above, descending into a room below. I am sitting on the second floor, listening to the party going on below, feeling sad and left out. The stairs become a ramp down into the same room, so that I may descend. I do so -- coming barefoot, but that's okay. They welcome me not as one coming from above, not as one who isn't or is properly dressed, but as me.

Number three. I see something mysterious floating in the water. After a little, it swims up to me where I am standing on the deck. It is a mechanical dolphin, with a handle. I try to pull it out of the water, but it is far too heavy. So I get into the water, and take the handle and it begins moving with me. It's phenomenally powerful, and moves swiftly and easily. I think, why a mechanical dolphin, rather than a living one? The answer comes -- I am the living part of the two of us. It won't have its own desires and needs for me to consider, as I would have to, in justice, if it had life of its own.

Number two. I seem to be looking out at the universe, but I notice it has a transverse wrinkle down the middle -- it's not the universe at all, but a picture painted on a fabric. Some people roll it up for me, right to left, and I see that it is a hanging backdrop on a wall of our meeting hall. But the wall behind it is very heavy wood, very solid. No way out. I see this not as something sinister, but as a fact of life. As soon as the fact registers, "they" roll the universe backdrop back into place. I get the message: There's no way you can see or get beyond this universe, this reality system, at this point. So play here for now. Which is okay with me.

The most important message, number one, turns out to be a great beating heart, floating in mid-air. I grow larger, to absorb it. The spoken message comes. "Wear it inside and outside." My father used to admonish me not to wear my heart on my sleeve, but this message says wear it on the inside and the outside. Okay, I can hear that. I think of the muddy tracks in the grass.

Again we do not meet to discuss the tape. After a while, we hear the third tape, which directs us to change our vibrations several times. I feel the differences, but I am so taken with human relationships along the way ("Clara!") I don't pay much attention to Bob Monroe's instructions. But I get a very clear description of different mental states. (1) Staring out the window in boredom as someone talks. (2) Walking across a wooden platform over a room, noting the people by me relating. One of our trainers kissing one of his children, for instance. (3) Seeing more and more deeply into the nature of the wood on a beam. (4) Being concerned only that a certain individual ("Clara," in this case) know that she is loved not just by me but by others. The thought occurs to me: "And the highest of these is love."

Lunch time. We are told that we may talk if we wish, but please respect the wishes of any who wish to eat in silence. Most of us do. "Clara," I notice, scoops up silverware and goes 'way out on the lawn to eat alone. After I finish eating, I go out on the lawn in my bare feet, protecting myself from the December cold with the technique we have been taught, and spend some time leaning on the fence, looking at the distant mountains, wondering if I can go to her or if it will be an intrusion. After a while I go over to her, still in silence. She does not break it, and so neither do I. Seeing that she is finished (and glad to do anything for her) I pick up her plate to bring it inside for her. I am a few steps away when she says I can finish the brownie if I want. I turn around. "Want to talk?"

After a while, we take a walk, "Henry" and "Clara" and I. "Henry" takes her one hand and suggests I take the other, which I very happily do, and we all go walking down the road. She says she's never gone walking holding hands with two men at the same time, and I think that maybe "Henry" and I are beginning to succeed with her, for it is clear that his concern for her is as great as mine.

After a while I tell them who I think they once were. "Henry" knows nothing about Thoreau; "Clara," nothing about Lidian Emerson. (I have a hard time remembering her present name when I talk to her. I tell her, finally, that I'm not used to thinking of her by

that name.) I explain why it would be natural, if indeed "Henry" was Thoreau and she Lidian Emerson, that she should naturally turn to him for support.

The first post-lunch-break tape (free flow 15) is a disappointment in terms of results. I get to the states easily enough, but can't go back to the Emerson-Thoreau-Atwood (?) scene, can't get OOB, can't go see "Clara." Frustrating.

We are supposed to go to Focus 21, which (because I want to go back to focus 15, and see again!) doesn't interest me particularly at the moment. But I do get out of the body! I experience the sitting-on-nothing freedom I had felt once as a child (in a dream, I'd thought) and know I am free, finally. I am floating around in San Francisco, though I don't remember seeing anything in particular.

I go to "Clara's" CHEC unit at or toward the end of the tape. And she does experience me saying to her something that did not make sense to her -- that "I can't control myself with chemicals, heavy."

During the debriefing, "Clara" tells the group that she had experienced me in this exercise and I had experienced her in my first astral travel. Then "Len," in some embarrassment, says that in one of the morning exercises he had suddenly popped into a bathroom and saw "Clara" entering a shower, and had somehow known that I was already inside there, waiting for her. He is more embarrassed about it than we are! Our trainer quickly points out that in these initial contacts frequently there is gross miscommunication, a mis-translation of symbols.

To me the most striking thing is that as I sit there during the debriefing I experience great pain in my teeth, then in my back, alternately, intermittently. One of the trainers tells me privately, later, that she thought the experience "blew out" a blackage I'd had. I cannot explain this here, as this would require discussing chakras as the interfaces between physical and non-physical energies. It's an important subject, but this is already long enough.

Thursday December 10

It is snowing, a beautiful sight.

The morning exercise has us walking over the grounds, individually, in silence. We are supposed to be moving between 12, 15 and 21, but I mis-hear the instructions, and alternate between focus 10, 12, and 15, evidently in order to experience 21 at the later time.

By our Thursday evening meal, I am distressed, depressed, seeing the week nearly over, the opportunity apparently slipping away ungrasped. I had had concrete results, but they no longer seemed at all important. My best efforts, it seemed, were not enough; I am finally convinced that "Clara" will not accept my love and will not, either, be freed from her prison of self-criticism and loneliness. I saw her sitting there with "Henry," who I also was prepared to love, and I had just about as much as I could bear.

But then, after supper, "Clara" meets me in the hallway and asks me if I would massage her back. (I wondered then, and wonder now, was this part of a put-up job courtesy of "Henry"? Maybe he saw and correctly interpreted.) Anyway, I tell her I would be delighted.

I'm thinking it would be soon, but this is only the beginning of the evening, and she doesn't want to miss anything. And one thing keeps leading to another, culminating in our last gathering in a circle, with some free expression of feelings. Then there were snacks and sodas and relaxed exuberance, and I enjoy it, but also I am worried she'll change her mind. I fully expect her to say she is too tired. But after a while I look at her - knowing, somehow -- and say, 'ready?' and she is ready, and we walk out of the dining room into the conference room. She finds two overstuffed pillows and lies on them, sort of in a corner, but close enough that we can hear others talk.

She had injured her left shoulderblade, and had a bad knot below it, so obvious even I can feel it. I start working on her, slowly, tentatively, carefully, well aware of the danger of being careless. Gradually, I feel my way into it. She guides me and I learn, seeing what is effective and carefully asking before trying anything that might cause pain. I am so careful! First I work over her undershirt, then directly over her bare skin.

There is some sexual pleasure in it, but so much more there is my gratitude to be able to pour out my love directly. I work on her for a long, long time, and every so often I dare to lean forward and murmur that I love her, or that she is worthy of people's love and I don't want her to forget it, etc. And I am constantly waiting for her to say 'enough'; to my surprise and gratification she doesn't, and so it goes on and on, and so I learn to express love.

Because we are in a public place, with no possibility of hanky-panky being suspected, we don't much think about what others might think. (I don't, anyway.) I do have a little concern about the bare skin showing, but it is only her back, and only the lower half, at that. I am very careful not to make an improper gesture or touch her in any way she or others might interpret as sexual. I know what I want, and it isn't to get sex, or to get anything, but to give, and give, and give. And so I learn to express my love, and it keeps growing as I express it.

Finally she has enough -- or, more likely, she can't believe I want to continue, so we stop. I thank her for letting me do the massage, and she does not seem to understand that it is not that I have done her a favor, but that she has transported me from hell to heaven.

After I pour out all that love, I am quietly watching the fish in the aquarium when I spontaneously go into Focus 21.

The fish are startled!

Startled, I am convinced, because they see me pop into view as a consciousness, rather than as a background presence. Both of them are staring at me. Sounds ridiculous and unlikely, but they are. And then I realize I've broken through.

I think of John Denver's song, sent me by dear Kelly --

"Because he talked to fish in the creek
he tried to tell us that the animals could speak.
Who knows, perhaps they do.
How do you know they don't,
just because they've never spoken to you."

I call "Clara" over and she sees. We call others -- a trainer among them -- and they see.

I am flying! "Clara" had let me pour out all that love (so small a part of what I feel) and I already have a little idea of what she had meant to me in past lives, and therefore why she means so much -- inexplicably -- now.

By now it is very late. I go to bed rejoicing.

Friday, December 11, 1992

Well before dawn, I get up in my pajamas and go down to the exercise room, exercising just for the sake of moving. I see the spotlighted fir tree in the snow, bobbing and weaving and calling out to me. I go out in my bare feet (using a Monroe technique to protect myself from the cold) and stand barefoot in the snow, engulfed in the fir tree (in F21), so aware of it. I had seen it tossing back and forth in the wind, looking like a great green cat getting its fur ruffled by a loving friend. The bobbing and bowing was a form of calling to me, and for the moment I am not deaf, so I come. And the experience is beyond words. I think to give it love; it gives me a tremendous outpouring of joy at being alive. I write, later, "No wonder the one particular tree in my front yard has done so splendidly. It knows I love it, and it revels and thrives in that. So this is what I must do now. I must provide this atmosphere of love, I must war my heart on the inside and on the outside. Oh God! How blind I have been, and how awake I am now. Of course we wake and sleep, wake and sleep, but now I will remain awake."

I write that this is the beginning of my life as a conscious being. "I fully realized, finally, yesterday, that I have been living among people at different levels all my life.... I am so profoundly grateful for the people and other entities who have been patient with me all this time.... Oh, Kelly, thank you for showing up at just the right time. It let me wake up in time for `Clara.' And for [my wife and children]."

I go back upstairs after a while, dress, come down and spend all my time either drowning happily in the morning or immersing myself equally happily in the people. They are more than willing to be loved. There are so many people to deal with! One by one we say our goodbyes as individuals leave. All morning, I am One Who Got There. "Muddy footprints." I write this poem.

Focus 21

The fish were startled.

They saw me. Out of nowhere

a kindred consciousness appeared.

The fir tree, tossing and shaking

from the wind's rough caressing hand,

called me. I went. The circling

fir arms said `joy.' The playful birds

making patterns said `joy.' The ice

engaged my feet and it said `joy.'

A long sad lifetime changes.

The view from here says `joy,' and says

that's all it ever was.

The aftermath

On the way home, Bob and I find the house I'd seen in my visions. In fact, it is Bob who finds it, recognizing it from a sketch I'd made. As high as I am at the moment, it is not difficult for me to sense the story from the very stones in the massive chimney (which practice is called psychometry). As we ride back toward Charlottesville, Bob asks me questions, and chunk after shattering chunk of the memory comes back, tightening my throat, bringing tears to my eyes, leaving me for many seconds at a time unable to continue, for it was a pretty tragic story. At Charlottesville we have other such experiences.

Back home again, I call Kelly in San Francisco, and ask her if she knows anything about the details of Monroe training. She says, sort of humorously wearily, that yes she had heard quite a bit about it lately. It turns out that all the time I was talking to her, she was hearing. We laugh at the image of her laughing/smiling at my transcontinental polygamy. She fills in some stuff I didn't know. Her house is indeed light blue. It's a flat, rather than a row house, but she said it might easily look like a row house. I got the favorite spot right, and the love seat and the chair. Her house faces east instead of west, which I take to be a minor error. A few days later I realize that, knowing that her house was near a certain park, I had assumed it was south of the park, and so when I

had seen her house on my left (visualizing myself approaching it from the park) what I assumed had to be west was actually east. Minor point, but interesting.

What's more, in a few days I receive letters Kelly had written while I was at Monroe, responding in some excitement to things that were happening at the time; things I hadn't yet returned home to report to her. I thank her for showing up just in time. She says there is nothing to thank her for. I disagree.

Consequences

What if our minds are tuning devices? Wouldn't it be a good thing if we learned how to tune into a given channel at will?

We are tuning devices, and though we use the visual metaphors of being 'here' and 'there', and the time metaphors of 'now' and 'then,' really there is only one great lane of being. It all goes on together, back and forward, soon and late. This is all that is going on. Which world we live in is strictly a matter of what we tune in on. We tend to think it is a matter beyond choice, but in fact we can move all around the dial, constantly - - once we recognize that we can do it.

And Bob Monroe has found the channel selector. At least, that's what my experience at the institute's Gateway program suggests.

But I am a publisher, not a psychologist. I can't describe my experience the way one professional would describe it to another. All I can do is show you the way. What I've learned would be a lot more valuable if psychologists would experience the channel selector first hand and learn to use it. Fortunately, they can do just that. For the first time in history, the mental states experienced by psychics and mystics can be experienced first hand, at will, by so-called normal people. More specifically, by mind-scientists. What this means practically is that the gap between those who do and those who don't possess extraordinary mental powers and abilities can be eliminated.

Historically, scientists, psychics and mystics have always parted company on the question of replicability. The psychic, the mystic, claims to be able to experience certain states of consciousness unknown to others. How are scientists to react to such claims?

1. They can reject them without examination, which is easiest and safest for the career.
2. They can take the claim at face value and attempt to establish the boundaries of the abilities claimed, which is hazardous to the reputation and leaves them open to fraud.
3. They can cautiously accept the possibility of what is claimed, making great efforts to eliminate any chance of fraud or self-delusion. This seems to be the most rational, most "scientific" way to proceed, yet in practice sometimes forces them to spend more time devising elaborate controls than actually examining the phenomenon itself.

But, if psychic experiences can be made replicable, the entire situation changes! Suddenly scientists no longer need to take a psychic's word: They can experience it themselves, first hand. Not in a laboratory setting, perhaps (though that ought to be possible too), but first hand.

It's hard to get channel 3 when you're tuned to channel 6. And its difficult or impossible to get any coherent program at all, if you aren't tuned anywhere special, but are wandering around the dial at random. Now the technology exists to bring Mr. Average to the mental states hitherto reserved for mystics, psychics, and saints. There's need for more than "muddy tracks in the grass." It's high time mind-scientists took advantage of it, and started mapping the territory.